

The Daily Herald.

VOL. 1.

BROWNSVILLE, CAMERON COUNTY, TEXAS. WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 1893.

NO. 267.

The Goodrich and Maris
Southwest Texas Immigration Bureau,
JESSE O. WHEELER, Secretary.
Brownsville, Cameron Co., Texas.

WE HAVE FOR SALE

10,000 Acres

Of the choicest land, subdivided into forty (40) acre lots. Three miles from the

Town of Arroyo, this county; sold on Ten (10) Years time to BONA FIDA settlers. We have also for sale

250,000 acres of land, of all description, from 5 to 10,000 acres, to suit purchasers, in all portions of the Rio Grande Valley.

Town lots and City property
For Sale

and on easy terms.

Write for full particulars.

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Best Beer in the market. Guaranteed to keep in in this climate.

Made from the best malt and hops.

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Go to
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A FULL LINE OF
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT
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PERFUMERY, PAINTS,
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PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUND-
ED AT ALL HOURS OF THE
DAY OR NIGHT.

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Insurance.

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William Kelly, Agent.

Kisses That Keep.

They had been married years and years, yet never had he gone away from the breakfast table in the morning without a good-bye kiss, until a friend came to visit them, one of those cynical, time-soured bachelors who find fault with everybody and everything, and decide for themselves that the whole scheme of creation is wrong.

The friend did not say anything at the time, although the kiss jarred on his sense of the proprieties, but he waited until he had his host by the ear, so to speak, then he said:

"You seem to keep the honeymoon pretty well, George. Must be a deuced bore, too, when the romance is over."

Then good, weak George began to get wobbly in his mind, and had a silly fear that his friend was making fun of him.

"Yes," he said, as he lighted a cigar, "it is rather a bore, don't you know, but the little woman expects it."

"I dare say," resumed the friend, "but I wouldn't coddle her any more if I were you. It's too—too domestic; you see, for this age. Makes a man seem spoony and weak."

"Yes, I've thought so myself. Guess I'll turn over a new leaf with the little woman."

The little woman, who had more sense in her least finger than George had in his whole body, was greatly surprised when her husband threw his breakfast napkin on his plate, rose in haste and with a cackled "Ta ta, dear," ran off without the customary salute. But she didn't say anything, and bided her time. It came sooner than was expected.

George went home at night with out the friend, who had returned whence he came. At dinner George was silent and morose, and the little woman asked:

"Anything gone wrong today?"

"Yes. Everything. Lost \$20 out of my vest pocket."

"Too bad, but it might have been worse."

"Then I mislaid some valuable papers that I carried in the inside pocket of my coat—it's just been one of my worrying days, don't you know?"

"George," said the little woman in a clear, sweet voice, "don't you think it all happened because you went away without a good-bye kiss? I've had a worrying day, too, and I laid it all to that."

"By Jove, little woman I believe you're right. Queer, but I really believe there's something in it!"

"And here is the money; you dropped it on the hall floor in your hurry. And the papers are probably in your other coat—you know you changed this morning."

"That settles it, little woman," and George gave her the kiss he had omitted in the morning with interest, and if the friend could have seen it he would have gashed his teeth—but he didn't.

Literature Parties.

A literature party is an invention of a woman tired of drive wheel and progressive enclure. It is arranged in the same way as the latter, but the guests who are carefully selected for the occasion find at one table four sets of partially written quotations which they are obliged to fill out; at another names of books whose authors are inquired for; another pseudonyms to be assorted among the rightful people; the last three respectively for names of characters and places mentioned and at the head table of selected queries of a miscellaneous character. The game is concluded when each one has visited every table and endeavored to answer every interrogation. The prizes were on this occasion, finely bound books; and, for the boobies, fools' caps of cha-mois for penwipers.

Approach of the Aluminum Age.

The obstacle to the general substitution of aluminum for iron and steel in the arts has been the high cost of extracting it from native clay. This has been partially overcome by progressive improvements in the process of manufacture, but still aluminum remains too costly to be thought of as a substitute for the baser metals, notwithstanding its advantages in other respects. The reported discovery of extraordinarily rich deposits of aluminum clay in Alabama and Georgia indicates a long step forward for the white metal. Six counties in these two states are said to be underlaid with bauxite ore, some of which has yielded high as 48 per cent of pure aluminum. If the reports from these countries are reliable the aluminum age is approaching.—New York Press.

An exchange truthfully remarks that many a good item of news is lost to the world in general, and slips through the fingers of the news gatherer entirely, because so many people believe they appear to be thrusting themselves on the public notice when they volunteer information to a reporter relating to themselves. It is not that they object to its publication—they prefer to see it printed, in fact—but they will inform the reporter themselves for the reason above stated. From the repertorial standpoint such people are wrong. The man who stops the reporter on the street and tells him an item of news or that he wants to advertise his goods and is going to get married, is considered the salt of the earth, and he is, too.—Kx.

She: Chicago society is very exclusive, isn't it? He: Yes. When I was there I called at a friend's house, but the footman declined to take in my card until I was identified.—Life's Calendar.

She: See here, you go kiss me some time, and you'll see how I'll be melted away with you kisses. He: I'm never afraid of that, dear, cause dey's flourishin' under beyotic treatment.

Surprises the Foreigners.

How well the old traditions of our navy have been imbued in the lives of its present officers and men can hardly be fully realized by non-experts; but the trained sailors of other lands have looked upon the fleet of Admiral Gherardi during the past ten days with a surprise that has been equalled only by their admiration. Without claiming perfection for our naval work, it is right to give full credit for the efficiency shown by the naval review fleet of the United States as almost a revelation to our foreign observers.—New York Herald.

The American way of regarding American poets does not please Charles Leonard Moore—who is by the way coming into notice as a poet himself. "Our patriotism," he says in the forum "our fidelity to those who have done us service make us regard our accepted poets as sacred beings." Promotion, he adds sarcastically "with us goes by seniority. We grade the rank of our poets by the date of their first publications. But distinction once gained incense and burnt sacrifice is their unfailing due. Murder and arson and blasphemy would be better for our literature than this tepid acquiescence in everybody. The fiery enthusiasm which makes the respective adherents of Gray and Collins, Keats and Shelly, Wordsworth and Byron wants to burn the idols of opposing camp is utterly lacking in our way of worshipping our poets. Only Poe has strayed into the strife of the world has been loved and hated, has become interesting. Patroclus got more honor from the struggle of the heroes over his dismembered body than could have come to him by the most unanimous of funerals. One is tempted—but has to fly the joy of saying something natural, something real about our American reputations. It may not be. Our poets have been taken as read, they have been laid on the table; by a vote of the majority they are beyond discussion—they are American institutions. Let us honor their names and not venture to ask whether taken singly or in a body, they can challenge comparison with the masters of haughty Greece, or insolent Rome, or imperious Albion.

Christopher's Misfortune.

Mr. McAllister's assertion that Columbus, in a social way, was an ordinary man, is rather depressing. If Christopher was not in "society" nothing should be said about it. Let the fact be covered up at least until the Columbian celebrations are over. Though the great discoverer, had he been of the Genoesa Four Hundred, would never have discovered anything, it is still a mournful fact he was not in it.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Mrs. Polkadot: What pretty new curtains you have! Where did you get them? Mrs. Pleaster: Easy enough. They are a couple of my husband's Ascoties.—Vogue.